

"Parted Chums!" a Great School Tale in This Issue!

The BOYS' FRIEND 1st

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

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ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending July 3rd, 1915.]



JIMMY SILVER & OSWALD ARE SENT TO COVENTRY BY THE BOYS OF ROOKWOOD.

PARTED CHUMS!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Story, introducing
JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Trouble Ahead.

Jimmy Silver was worried. He was morose. It was so extraordinary for Jimmy Silver, the most sunny-tempered junior at Rookwood, to be either worried or morose that his chums were astounded, and, indeed, almost alarmed. Hitherto the end study in the junior passage had sheltered a happy family,

who did not seem to have a care in the world. The Fistical Four had always seemed satisfied with themselves and things generally. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were cheery youths, and Jimmy Silver especially always gave the impression that he found life exceedingly well worth living.

But now, apparently, a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream, to put it poetically. He was worried and morose.

Lines did not worry Jimmy Silver. Lickings worried him only temporarily. Even detention only dashed his high spirits as long as it lasted. But now his worry was plain, and his moroseness was evident.

When he sat at tea in the study with a thoughtful wrinkle on his brow, and without speaking a word, the first time it happened his chums naturally thought that he was planning some deep scheme up against the Moderns, Jimmy Silver & Co. being

the great champions of the Classical side at Rookwood.

But when Jimmy Silver left the study after tea without speaking a word, they were surprised. And when Lovell asked him later whether he had a "wheeze" for making the Modern bounders sit up, Jimmy Silver only replied:

"Blow the Moderns!"
"But it's time we gave 'em a fall," said Lovell warmly. "There's Tommy Dodd, frinstance—"

"Blow Tommy Dodd!"
"He's getting his ears up, we've let them alone so long," said Lovell indignantly.

"Blow his ears!"
And Jimmy Silver shoved his hands deep in his pockets, and tramped away, leaving his best chum in a state of astonishment.

"He's seedy, I suppose," Lovell told Raby and Newcome. "Perhaps it was those kippers. I thought they were—well, rather 'off,' you know!"

But the next day it was clear that it couldn't have been the kippers, for Jimmy Silver was still worried and morose, and the effect of the kippers,

if it had been the kippers that caused the trouble, should have worn off by that time.

Besides, Lovell and Raby and Newcome weren't feeling any ill-effects from the kippers. It was clear that it wasn't the kippers at all. It was something deeper and more serious.

To questions concerning what was on his little brain, Jimmy Silver only replied "Rats!" or "Bow-wow!"—replies from which no information could be gleaned.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome consulted anxiously on the subject. For Jimmy Silver to be "in the blues" for two whole days was such a phenomenon that it was evident that something was very much out of gear.

"He can't have been getting into one of Smythe's little sweeps, and losing his tin," said Lovell. "He's not ass enough for that!"

"Might have had a relation hurt in the war," said Raby. "Young Thompson was awfully cut up about his brother, you know."

"Well, he'd tell us," said Lovell.

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his influence to that extent he was destined to be disappointed.

In other matters he could carry the whole Form with him. In this matter the Fourth Form was not to be either led or driven.

Even in his own study Jimmy had no backing now.

When he strolled out into the quad with Oswald before brekker the Co. looked after him morosely.

Jimmy Silver beckoned to them to join him, and they stood unmoved, frowning. They were not going to walk with Oswald.

"So we're thrown over!" said Lovell bitterly. "We're given the order of the boot for the sake of that cad!"

"The silly ass!" said Raby. "It's only his dashed obstinacy."

"Let him stick to the cad if he likes!" said Newcome tartly. "If he does he can't stick to us, too."

"It's too thick!" growled Lovell. "He ought to come into line with the rest of us. You see, that chap is really a rotten outsider, and we can't look over what he's done. Sacked from his own school, and sticking himself in here. It's too thick!"

The Co. agreed that it was. It looked as if there would be a break in the Co. at last.

Oswald was silent as he walked with Jimmy Silver; but Jimmy kept up a cheery chat. They came back towards the House when the breakfast-bell rang, and then Oswald spoke hurriedly.

"You'd better chuck it up, Silver. You'll get yourself into trouble with everybody!"

"Bow-wow!" said Jimmy.

"Your own pals are down on you!"

"They'll come round."

"But the other fellows—"

"Let 'em rip!"

"I don't want to get you into trouble," said Oswald miserably. "I—I'd leave the school if I could. But my pater would be disappointed—he'd take me away if I asked him; but—but I can't ask him, and tell him what a muck I've made of things. I've got to stick it out somehow. But you—"

"I'll help you," said Jimmy.

"It's jolly kind of you, but it means a lot of trouble."

"Let it!"

They went in to breakfast.

At morning lessons it was plain that there was something on in the Fourth. Mr. Bootles, the Form-master, found an unusual amount of whispering going on. Many glances were directed towards Jimmy Silver.

After lessons Townsend tapped Jimmy on the shoulder when the Fourth came out.

"Meeting in the common-room," he said. "Everybody's wanted."

"Oh, I'll come!" said Jimmy Silver.

Ten minutes later the Classical Fourth and a crowd of Shell fellows were gathered in the junior common-room. Jimmy Silver came in last. Oswald was the only member of the Classical Fourth who was absent.

"Here he is!" called out Topham, as Jimmy Silver came in.

Silver smiled grimly. He understood that the junior meeting was called on his account. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were looking downcast but determined. They had made up their minds.

Townsend rapped on the table.

"We're all here!" he said. "Shut the door, young Hooker. Now we'll get to business, Jimmy Silver."

"Oh, do!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

And the Classical juniors got to business.

The 4th Chapter. Sent to Coventry.

"It's been agreed by all the Classical side to send that new cad, Oswald, to Coventry!" resumed Smythe. "Fourth and Shell are in it together. The fellow ain't fit to speak to, and he oughtn't to be here, anyway."

"Hear, hear!" said the meeting.

"I was down on him from the first," went on Smythe.

"Yes; you wanted to bullyrag him, and he licked you," assented Jimmy.

There was a chuckle from the meeting, and the lordly Adolphus frowned.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this meeting has been called to deal with

said Adolphus. "You're here to listen to the verdict of Rookwood. Now, are you goin' to cut that cad Oswald, like the rest of us?"

"I don't think he's a cad."

"That ain't the point. Are you goin' to cut him?"

"No."

"You know what we've all decided?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And you're goin' to set yourself against the lot of us?"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

There was a deep and angry murmur in the crowded room. For once, feeling was all on the side of Adolphus Smythe and against Jimmy Silver. Adolphus smiled. He was exceedingly pleased to have his old enemy "down" in this manner. Never before had an opportunity come his way of putting Jimmy Silver in his place. But it had come at last.

"Gentlemen," said Smythe, "you hear what he says. He's goin' to set himself against the verdict of the whole school. I rather think that we're goin' to show him that he can't dictate to us."

"Yes, rather!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Send him to Coventry too!"

a friend of yours, even. Don't go back on your own pals, Jimmy."

Jimmy Silver compressed his lips a little.

"There's such a thing as fair play," he said. "I admit it looks pretty black against Oswald. But I believe he's a really decent chap."

"Rats!"

"Rot!"

"Rubbish!"

"I believe he's the right sort," said Jimmy, unmoved by the interruptions, "and I think some mistake has been made. They ain't infallible at Minhurst, I suppose. I think it may come out some day that Oswald has been treated badly."

"Bosh!"

"Well, so long as I think as I do, I can't go back on him," said Jimmy Silver. "It wouldn't be cricket."

"You've got to do like the rest of us," said Townsend.

"Follow the crowd, you know," said Jones minor persuasively.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Think it over, old chap," said Lovell.

"I've thought it over, and I think I'm doing the right thing," said Jimmy Silver. "If I'm wrong, I can't help it. But I believe Oswald

each other company there, old chap, till they come round."

"They won't come round," said Oswald, with a shake of the head.

"Then they can rip," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm not giving in."

"I'm sorry for this, Silver."

"Nothing to be sorry for. Come and have a ginger-pop."

And Jimmy linked his arm in Oswald's and marched him off to Sergeant Kettle's little tuckshop. The sight of Jimmy Silver and Oswald crossing the quad with linked arms was the finishing touch, so to speak. The Classical juniors simply boiled with wrath. From that moment the sentence was put into execution, and Jimmy Silver was in the cold shades of "Coventry."

The 5th Chapter. Parted Chums.

Jimmy Silver came into the end study at tea-time with a cheerful brow.

The worry and moroseness that had lain so heavily upon him of late seemed to have disappeared.

Perhaps it was because he found relief in having made up his mind. His path was marked out and decided now, at all events, unpleasant as it might be.

He felt that he was doing right, and that was enough to uphold him. If he was making a mistake, it couldn't be helped. To err is human. If the fellows chose to take his action badly, that couldn't be helped, either.

Perhaps, under the exterior of smiling cheerfulness, Jimmy Silver felt his position more keenly than he showed.

Several times that day it had been "rubbed in."

Forgetting that he was in Coventry, he had spoken to several fellows, only to be met by a blank stare.

On such occasions he had restrained the desire to plant his knuckles in the face that stared at him so blankly. It was not of much use to begin a series of "scraps" with the whole of the Fourth and the Shell.

He shrugged his shoulders and took it quietly.

If he felt it deeply, he did not show it. His outward manner was more cheerful than it had been for some time past.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were in the study when he came in to tea. They turned very red as he came in, but did not speak.

"Tea ready?" asked Jimmy, in quite his old way.

The Co. looked at one another, almost guiltily, and did not answer. Jimmy Silver surveyed them in turn.

"Deaf?" he asked.

No reply.

"Dumb?"

Silence.

"Well, this is the first time I've had tea in a deaf and dumb asylum," Jimmy Silver remarked. "It will be an experience, anyway."

Lovell and Raby and Newcome shifted uneasily, but they did not speak. Jimmy Silver proceeded with his tea.

He took out a book, and began to read over his tea.

His chums stole glances at him from time to time, but he did not look at them. Having given them the chance to speak, which they had not taken, he ignored their existence.

He ate and drank and read with perfect calmness, apparently quite unconscious of their presence in the study.

After tea, Jimmy Silver strolled out of the study, whistling.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked at one another.

"I—I say, this can't go on, you know," remarked Raby, uneasily.

Lovell snorted.

"Why don't the silly ass give in, then?" he growled.

"He's such an obstinate beast," remarked Newcome.

"Well, we'll be obstinate beasts, too, and we'll see who holds out longest," said Lovell. "The silly ass has no right to stick out against the whole Form."

Raby rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"I—I say, suppose Jimmy should be right after all?" he said slowly.

"That chap Oswald does seem a decent sort, from what we've seen of him. A good bit better than Adolphus in every way."

"Wasn't he sacked from his school?"

"Well, yes!"

"Well, then, what right had he to wedge in here, as if Rookwood is a home for fellows who can't be stood anywhere else," said Lovell, wrathfully.

"It's up against us, to have him here," said Newcome. "No good



"That's what I think of you!" said Lovell, as he made a sudden dive at Adolphus Smythe's prominent nose, and seized it with a thumb and finger. "Goo-oo-ah! 'Loggo!' shrieked Smythe. "Ow, by dose! Draggimoff!"

Jimmy Silver, who persists in disregarding the verdict of the whole school. Is Rookwood goin' to be dictated to by Jimmy Silver?"

"Why not?" asked Jimmy.

"Never!" howled Townsend.

"Rather not!"

"The new cad, bein' in Coventry, nobody is allowed to speak to him," said Smythe. "In the long run, we hope he'll get fed up and get out of the school."

"Hear, hear!"

"It's been agreed that any fellow who speaks to him shall be sent to Coventry, too. Silver's floutin' the whole school. We've given him a chance. He's had plenty of time to mend his ways, and he laughs at us."

"That's your fault for being such a funny merchant, Smythe," said Jimmy Silver.

"I'm not goin' to argue with you,"

"Kick him out!"

"You hear the verdict, Silver," said Smythe. "You speak another word to Oswald, and you're in Coventry too."

"Bow-wow!"

"We're all in this," said Smythe. "Your own pals think the same as the rest of us."

Jimmy Silver glanced at Lovell and Raby and Newcome. Most eyes, in fact, were turned upon the three. The Fistical Four had been inseparable.

Lovell reddened.

"Look here, Jimmy, why not do the sensible thing?" he urged. "You can't set yourself against all the Form."

"And us too," said Raby.

"What does the new chap matter to you?" said Newcome. "He isn't

is all right, and I'm not going to be down on him."

"Then you can go to Coventry along with him," said Smythe.

"That's the verdict. Gentlemen, Jimmy Silver is sent to Coventry, and from this moment he's goin' to be cut by the whole school."

"Hear, hear!"

"That's settled," said Townsend.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were silent. Jimmy Silver gave them a glance, and then walked out of the common-room, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. Apparently the sentence of Coventry had not worried him very deeply. His three old chums looked more worried than Jimmy.

Oswald met Jimmy in the passage.

"Well?" he said.

"I'm in Coventry, too," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "We'll keep



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Oswald smiled and Jimmy Silver chuckled.

The five juniors walked off to the schoolhouse together, apparently on the best of terms. Angry and indignant glances from the other juniors followed them.

So far as the Fistical Four were concerned, Oswald was out of Coventry. The question was whether the rest of the Fourth would follow the lead of their old leaders. But that would not happen if Adolphus Smythe could help it.

The 7th Chapter.

A Roland for an Oliver.

Five juniors were gathered round the festive board in the end study.

The table was well spread. Lovell and Raby and Newcome had killed the fatted calf, so to speak, for the returning prodigal. It was not a repentant prodigal who came back to the end study; it was Lovell & Co. who had to do the repenting. But that was only a detail.

Certainly it was a merry little party. All the chums were glad that the estrangement was over, and Oswald was very glad indeed to see his champion on the old terms with his friends. Lovell & Co. had made it up with Jimmy Silver without any mental reservations. They took Oswald at Jimmy's valuation, and swallowed him whole, as Lovell expressed it. Oswald was Jimmy's pal, therefore he was their pal, and they were prepared to stand by him even as Jimmy Silver had done. As for the other fellows, they could like it or they could lump it as seemed to them best.

There was a buzz of merry voices in the end study, and that little feed was probably the most cheerful that had ever taken place in that famous apartment.

The Co. had, in fact, for the moment forgotten all about the rest of the Form and the sentence of Coventry.

But it was not forgotten outside the study. Tea was nearly over when there came a tramp of feet in the passage. There was a bang on the door, and it was hurled open.

The five juniors looked round. The passage was crowded with fellows of the Fourth and the Shell. The great Smythe was in the lead, his eyeglass gleaming in his eye, and his nose very red from the recent application of Lovell's finger and thumb.

"By gad, here they are!" said Smythe.

"What have you fellows brought that here for?" asked Jimmy Silver. "This isn't the monkey-house, nor yet the museum. Take it away and bury it."

"Don't answer him!" said Smythe loftily. "He's in Coventry. Lovell, we want to know what this means. The whole school wants to know."

"Yaas, by gad!" said Townsend. "We're not standin' it, you know, Lovell. If you talk to those cads you'll be sent to Coventry too, don't you know?"

"And we're going to wreck the study as a lesson to you to begin with," said Tracy.

Lovell rose to his feet and picked up a bat. Jimmy Silver took hold of the inkpot, and Raby annexed the teapot.

"Come in and begin the giddy wreck," said Lovell. "There'll be a good many wrecks here by the time you've finished."

"Walk up, gentlemen!" invited Jimmy Silver. "You first, Smythe." "We're givin' you a chance, Lovell," said Howard. "You know you can't stand up against the verdict of the school."

"We're going to try," said Lovell. "The fact is, we're fed up. We think Oswald's all right, and you fellows are silly asses not to think so too."

"You're goin' to kick that cad out," said Smythe, "or else you're goin' to have a study raggin', and then Coventry. Take your choice."

"Bow-wow!"
"Take your face away, Smythe," urged Raby. "You know it's a worry."

"Well, you're goin' to have a lesson," said Smythe. "Pile in, you fellows."

"Line up!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four and Oswald lined up at once. There was a rush, but the rush stopped. A bat and a stump and a poker, an inkpot and a teapot looked rather dangerous at close quarters. The intended raggers paused and blinked at one another. Fellows in the passage behind urged on those in front, but those in front seemed to have their doubts about the matter.

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver

Smythe of the Shell went flying. He bumped on the crowd in the passage, and his elbow crashed on Tracy's nose and his arm was flung round Hooker's neck. Three or four of the raggers went down in a heap with Smythe and rolled on the floor. Jimmy Silver slammed the study door.

"Not much of a ragging," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Angry and excited voices were heard from the passage, but the door was not opened again. The ragging was evidently "off."

Smythe of the Shell had retired to a bath-room, and the rest of the raggers gave it up. The Fistical Four and their guest finished their tea in peace and in a cheery mood.

The ragging was certainly off, but the Classical juniors had not done with the end study yet. When the five chums came out after tea they found a sheet of cardboard stuck on the door, with an inscription daubed on it in large letters. It ran:

"THIS STUDY IS IN COVENTRY! ANYBODY SPEAKING TO THESE CADS WILL GET A FORM LICKING!"

Whereat the Fistical Four snorted contemptuously.

The card was promptly reduced to



"There!" panted Lovell, administering correction to Jimmy Silver with a cricket stump. "Now, you silly idiot, are you going to do the sensible thing and be pally?" "Yow-ow-ow!" exclaimed Jimmy.

invitingly. "Forward, Adolphus! I can see the fighting blood of the Smythes is boiling in your veins! Forward!"

"Get on, Smythe!" yelled Hooker from the passage. "Collar him!"

Smythe hesitated. "Well, you can have the ink, anyway," said Jimmy Silver, as Smythe, pushed from behind, advanced reluctantly into the study.

Swish! Splash! There was a wild yell from Adolphus as the contents of the inkpot swamped over his face, his elegantly-parted hair, and his well-cut waistcoat and trousers. The dandy of the Shell staggered.

"Oh, dear! By gad, you ruffian! Oh! Ah! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Charge!" shouted Jimmy Silver. The five juniors charged at the crowded doorway. There was a wild scramble of the raggers to escape. Jimmy Silver seized the inky Adolphus, and whirled him off his feet. Smythe struggled furiously, but Raby gripped his ankles, and he was swept off the floor.

"Chuck him out!" yelled Jimmy. "One, two, three—go!"

ashes, but ten minutes later a new notice was pinned up in the junior common-room in the well-known handwriting of Jimmy Silver. The Classical juniors gathered to read it with breathless indignation. It simply took their breath away, for it ran in this wise:

"NOTICE!"

"The Shell and the Fourth have been sent to Coventry!"

(Signed) JIMMY SILVER,
EDWARD LOVELL,
GEORGE RABY,
ARTHUR NEWCOME,
DICK OSWALD.

The Shell and the Fourth read that notice with feelings almost too deep for words. The cheek of it amazed them. Certainly there was only one fellow at Rookwood who would ever have conceived the idea of sending the two junior Forms to Coventry "on his own" But it was just like Jimmy!

THE END.

(The "Outcast of the Fourth!" is the title of next Monday's magnificent long complete story of Jimmy Silver and Co.)

THE MAKING OF AN A.B!

This article is of special interest to readers of our grand story, "A Son of the Sea," and to lads who are eager to join the Royal Navy

Some start as early as twelve, but fourteen or fifteen is the age at which most boys begin to be trained for the Navy.

In olden days—in fact, until about a dozen years ago—all lads who were intended for bluejackets were sent to one of the old training-ships, such as the Victory, Ganges, or Impregnable. These fine old wooden walls have now been done away with, and the new system is that of the naval training establishment, such as you will find at Greenwich or at Shotley.

There are great naval schools which, though on land, lie near salt

five who could swim; to-day a boy cannot enter the Navy at all unless he is a good swimmer.

The first fortnight is a sort of trial trip. Those in authority watch the new draft keenly, and once in a while a boy who is thought to be unfit, for some reason or another, is weeded out. But this is a rare event.

Some of these new boys are not much to look at. Skinny, underfed fellows, who do not appear as if they would ever make men. But watch them. See them again after the ten months' training is over. Some of these youngsters have been known to gain two stone in weight in that time. Good food, and plenty of it, hard, wholesome work, and plenty of drill and play in the open air—these accomplish miracles.

"Fear God, honour the King!" This is the motto that meets the eye of every new-comer to Shotley, and on every side he sees old guns with great stories, figure-heads of fine old ships, and other relics of Britain's famous wooden walls.

The huge class-rooms resemble the decks of ships, but are wonderfully light and airy. Here the boys are given every form of training needful for the modern bluejacket.

In one room, for instance, is a model of a ship, fully-rigged. The boys learn every sail, rope, and spar. In another is a compass, and here the principles of navigation are taught. Elsewhere is a steering-wheel, and a model of the part of a ship from which an anchor is dropped.

There are models of warships, some cut into quarters, or split down the centre to show the decks, the engines, and the watertight compartments.

Another room is stocked with ammunition of all sorts, cartridges, and shells, and in it the boys learn to distinguish one from another, and how to load guns large and small.

In the forge the pupils are taught wetting, bolting, boring, and all sorts of iron work which they are likely to practice aboard ship. Signalling is still another branch of instruction, and a most important one.

Spare time is filled with football, hockey, drill, and gymnastics. On two afternoons a week there are three hours and a half for recreation. In the evenings there are draughts, chess, and bagatelle.

Boys turn out at 5.30, and in at 9. They have cocoa when they get up, and three square meals a day. Dinner, for instance, on Thursdays and Sundays, is roast mutton and vegetables and plum-pudding.

Each youngster gets sixpence a week pocket-money, and when he finishes his course is a first-class boy. Then comes a spell on a sea-going training-ship, and at eighteen he becomes a man. He can write O.S. after his name, he is entitled to one-and-fivepence a day, and becomes a real unit in the Royal Navy.

Now, it depends on himself what he will become.

A.B (able seaman) is, of course, his first ambition, and then, if he pleases, he can specialise. He may become armourer, carpenter, shipwright, blacksmith, plumber, painter, or cooper. Daily pay for such specialists ranges up to six shillings a day.

He may go to Whale Island, and pass as seaman-gunner, or he may specialise as signalman, or qualify as torpedo-man. All these add to his income, while each good conduct badge brings with it an extra penny a day.

In submarines there is "hard lying" money to be earned.

As chief petty-officer, pay is at the rate of a little over £100 a year. A warrant-officer, of course, gets a very good salary.

There is always a pension to be looked forward to. A chief stoker, for instance, may retire in the prime of life with £1 a week for the rest of his days.

Oh, there are fine chances in the Navy, and it's a fine life! Buck up, you boys, and join!